

# THE FIELD AFAR

ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

DILIGENTIBUS DEUM  
OMNIA COOPERANTUR  
IN BONUM



TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD  
ALL THINGS  
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

ENTERED AT POST OFFICE, OSSINING, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Seventh Year, No. 7

MARYKNOLL :: OSSINING P. O., JULY, 1913

Price 50 Cents a Year  
Twelve Issues Yearly

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THE FAMOUS SEMINARY FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS AT PARIS.

## THE FIELD AFAR

Maryknoll:: OSSINING P.O.  
NEW YORK

Issued every month

### SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Ordinary,—Fifty cents a year (domestic)  
Sixty " " (outside U.S.)  
Associate,—One dollar

Advance payment is requested.

Checks, money orders, etc., may be made payable to REV. J. A. WALSH.

Advertising space is limited and rates will be furnished on application.

*This paper is designed to make known the new American Seminary for Foreign Missions and the cause for which it stands—the conversion of heathen peoples to Christ.*

*It is published at Maryknoll, Ossining P. O., New York, by the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.*

\* \*

### OUR LAND-SALE RECORDS:

January.....	68,255 feet.
February.....	65,942 "
March.....	67,452 "
April.....	36,419 "
May.....	35,045 "
June.....	48,115 "
Total to July 1.....	991,228 "

\* \*

IN five weeks recently we registered 1,112 new subscribers. Most of these came through the recommendations of our readers.

\* \*

AMONG our applicants for Scranton are some for whose tuition and board we must draw on friends of the cause, for lack of a treasury of our own.

Five dollars a week will cover the cost of maintenance for one student, or, if the appeal meets the length of your purse, two hundred dollars for the year. Adopt a priestly son!

WITHIN a week after the announcement of our proposed Preparatory School at Scranton, Pa., we had recorded three aspirants, one from Massachusetts, one from New Jersey, and a third from Western New York. Several other inquiries have come, including one from California.

We shall prepare for twelve boys, as we can hardly accommodate a larger number this first year.

\* \*

"WHAT is your most pressing need?" a friend asks us. We answer,—A trio of young priests with apostolic hearts, capacity for work and a holy indifference, either to position or to results.

What next?

A few well-educated women, who can work under and with others of their sex, merging self in the common cause of God and souls.

A couple—also of the 'devout female sex'—who can and will meet our domestic needs, making work their prayer—and Heaven their reward.

\* \*

THERE is gold in this country that has never been brought out of the earth, and there are hearts of gold here that can stand the test of fire demanded of apostles.

We must 'dig' to get both.

We are 'digging' just now for the latter kind, and with a growing number of helpers we expect to find what we are seeking,—young, ardent souls, full of love for God and burning with a holy ambition to make known the name of Jesus Christ to heathen peoples who have never heard of Him.

Our helpers are those who pass around THE FIELD AFAR or secure new subscribers for it, and the paper itself is our pick. "A good choice," do we hear you say? We hope it will always prove so.

THE Catholic Educational Association meets annually, and this year, from June 30 to July 3, it made New Orleans its assembly ground. Many and serious questions occupied the deliberations of these earnest educators, and from them much good will undoubtedly result to our Catholic school life.

We believe that there is a definite place waiting in our Catholic Educational program for a thought affecting all grades, the foreign missions.

The bearing of this vital subject on geography, language, the study of races, etc., etc., must soon be realized, and the influence of the apostolic idea cannot be overestimated as a stimulus to self-sacrifice and whole-souled consecration.

Comforts increase daily, especially in this country, where luxury is already a menace. We cannot afford to neglect, in the training of our youth, the salutary and restraining force of the foreign mission idea.

\* \*

WE who live at Maryknoll are very human, but we should be blind indeed if we did not realize that our part in this work for souls is that of instruments in the hands of the Most High God.

The Providential is almost daily in evidence here. Yet we know that we owe more to the prayers of others, in distant lands and in this country, than we do to our own,—because, for one reason, those outside who are praying for our work are several hundred times more numerous than ourselves.

Masses, prayers, sacrifices, and labor are constantly being offered for us by our friends, that we may be supplied with forces and the sinews of war for the campaign into which we have been launched and from which we dare not—as Heaven is the goal—withdraw.

Prayers—this is our special appeal to prospective retreatants and to all our spiritually minded

readers, who know that "unless the Lord build the city, he labors in vain that builds it."

+ +

### A Practical Suggestion.

**A**N observer in the West writes that ever since the plans for the new Foreign Mission Seminary were made public, he has had it in mind to establish a bursar for the benefit of one of its students.

At present this gentleman is in delicate health and in need of his income, but he has arranged a formula of agreement, which we print as a model. We believe that this agreement will attract the attention of other friends similarly situated who wish our work to benefit by their money and desire to be certain that it will reach us, but who need the interest during their lifetime.

#### FORMULA OF AGREEMENT.

**THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA, INCORPORATED**, hereby acknowledges to have received from.....the sum of FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS (\$5,000.00), in the following Five One Thousand Dollar bonds, to wit:—

One (1).....Company's 5% First Mortgage bond of 19—, no.—; One (1).....Gas & Railway Co.'s 5% First Mortgage bond of 19—, no.—; One (1).....Electric Light Co.'s ..... 5% First Mortgage bond of 19—, no.—; One (1).....Co.'s General Mortgage 4½% bond of 19—, no.—; and One (1).....Consolidated Gas Company's 6% First Mortgage bond of 19—, no.—; the principal and income to be its absolute property, provided that during his lifetime he shall receive the income from said bonds from November and December, 1913, respectively, in half-yearly instalments up to the date of his death. It further agrees not to hypothecate, loan or pledge the said securities during the donor's lifetime, and that the proceeds of any of said bonds redeemed during the lifetime of the donor under the provisions of the mortgages securing the same, are to be re-invested in other securities to be selected by the donor, such investments to be held upon the same terms as the original securities.

Upon his death the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America is to establish a student's bursar in its Seminary at Maryknoll, Ossining P.O., State of New York, under the title of..... and for the benefit of any student, studying for any Foreign Mission under its control, as its Directors see fit.

Signature of Executive Officer:

Society's Seal:

Notarial acknowledgment:



THE FIRST MISSIONERS.

### Do We Remember Our Soldiers?

**A** WRITER in the Italian missionary organ, "*Le Missioni Cattoliche*," commends the patriotic and humanitarian spirit of many Italian newspapers in starting subscriptions for the benefit of the wounded and of the families of those killed in the course of the war with Tripoli, and adds the following comment:

Catholic papers also have started such subscriptions and the sums contributed have been generous. With no intention of injuring the movement, I wish to take the liberty of expressing my opinion in the matter: that, in Catholic papers, another subscription list should find a place side by side with this one.

Our soldiers have given marvellous proof of their valor; for the good of the fatherland, many have sacrificed their youth. It is fitting that thought should be given to alleviating the sufferings of the wounded and to aiding the needy families of the dead.

It is likewise fitting that we Catholics should remember those other valorous heroes, who have so great need of our aid,—the missionaries. They went long ago to carry to the people of Tripoli the light of the fatherland, of civilization and of faith. Alone and unarmed, they have faced the wrath of those barbarians. They have rescued slaves. They have spread the

faith. This they have done with a heroism all the more praiseworthy, because unseen and hidden from the eyes of all. How great has been the good which they have accomplished! What mighty works of philanthropy, of instruction and of charity did our soldiers find there, when they arrived with the vindicating arms of the insulted fatherland!

Just such works as those of the missionaries in Tripoli,—now brought into prominence by the war,—are being performed by thousands of our missionaries in the length and breadth of Africa, in China, in the most uncivilized regions of the world.

We should not forget, however, that for a fruitful apostolate, they need strong financial aid,—aid which cannot be had except from us Catholics.

We in America are not being called upon to subscribe to the aid of an army on the field of battle—and may God grant us never to see again the day of such need!

We Catholics, however, have an army in the field,—in that great Field Afar, which stretches from the Land of Ice in the North to the Land of Fire in the South, and from the Land of the Rising Sun to the Golden Gate of the West. Shall we be guilty of an insensibility unheard of among the nations of the world,—that of forgetting our soldiers on the field? The hearts of American Catholics are too true for such insensibility. Did they realize the needs of their soldiers, they would respond with the same readiness and eagerness with which the men of North and South gave life and limb in the sixties and nineties, with the same alacrity and devotion with which the women at home tore lint and bandages and made flags and uniforms, with the same love and sympathy with which nurses and Sisters lightened the sufferings of the wounded and brightened the last hours of the dying.

Let those of us who have heard the call blow it abroad among our fellow-countrymen, whose hearts cannot fail to respond to the cry of want from the lips of Soldiers of the Cross in THE FIELD AFAR.

## Tributes from the Missions.



HE men on the field realize best of all the opportunity for service to God and souls that lies in a live mission paper published in the United States. Here are a few recent comments which we know will please our readers:

In reading THE FIELD AFAR one sees clearly that God is blessing your work, though, like all good works, it must have its trials. I will certainly pray for you, often and earnestly.

I have just lost one of my Korean priests. He was only thirty-nine years old, a zealous and holy man, the grandson of a martyr. His death forces me to leave his mission without a priest until the next ordination. Then I hope to have three new Korean priests.

Last year I received only one missionary and this year not even one has come to me. Surely it is Providence which has inspired the foundation of your work at such an opportune time. And the American Church, in fostering it, will win for itself even greater blessings than the countries which it helps.

BISHOP MUTEI, Seoul, Korea.

I am delighted with the monthly FIELD AFAR. One wants something breezy in this season and it is really refreshing to find a missionary journal with a sense of humor. Beggars cannot be choosers, it's true, but why cannot they be jokers? God knows the mission is no joke, but it has its funny side, which is perhaps the silver lining.

THE FIELD AFAR is more welcome than our monthly check from the bishop. The money goes, but THE FIELD AFAR is a joy forever. I noticed in one number something about people ploughing through its pages. Mock modesty! It does not have to be ploughed through. It is just a pleasant green grass field to the pious Christian cow (excuse my calling your readers a cow!), who chews the cud and makes to flow the milk of human kindness. Then the milk is converted into something solid—call it butter or cheese—and sent in a lump to Maryknoll!

FR. JARVIS, Guntur District, India.

May your Seminary thrive and flourish on the graces which Our Lord will certainly shower upon it! I shall not forget it in my Masses and prayers.

I am always delighted to read THE FIELD AFAR when I see a copy of it. I should like very much to subscribe for it myself, but, to tell the truth, I have not the money. At present I am

the mighty owner of just fifteen centavos (seven and a half cents).

You see we are pretty hard up now, "stone-broke," in fact. The last two years have been very bad—no rice crop and no demand for Philippine sugar.

Our work is progressing slowly but surely. This year the number of Holy Communion was five hundred more than last year, thank God.

Try to send me THE FIELD AFAR if you can and I shall always bless you. Give my kind regards to my old friend, Fr. McCabe. I am glad you have such a good 'boy' with you.

LAWRENCE ROGAN, Hinigaran, Philippine Islands.

THE FIELD AFAR is all the more welcome now that it brings us news of the American Foreign Mission Seminary.

The prayers that surround the cradle of this Seminary and the sacrifices offered to Our Lord for its prosperity, assure its success. It is God's work and those who devote themselves to it will not labor in vain. They will one day forget the trials and difficulties of the early years and rejoice that a thing so great and beautiful has taken root in American soil.

The mission spirit is growing in your country. The establishment of the Foreign Mission Seminary and the founding of the Catholic Church Extension Society have been two great factors in this movement. May these two sister-works live together in all American hearts!

In a recent number of the *Extension Magazine* I read these significant words: "The thing God sought, must have been the awakening of the people to the need; of the missions, that the Church in America might be truly missionary, truly Catholic." This is the spirit of your Society also. Your "truly Catholic sense" does not stop at the Philippines or at Porto Rico. It reaches out to the ends of the pagan world and brings joy and hope to the heart of every missionary, whatever his nationality or whatever the field of action to which he is assigned.

THE FIELD AFAR may be justly proud of this spirit and when its influence spreads over all America, we shall see great things! Such zeal, far from injuring the home missions, will stimulate them to greater activity, for it springs from a single motive, that

of love for souls, which were all created to the image of God.

FR. DEFFRENNES, Hakodate, Japan.

\* \*

## THE SEMINARIAN.

I.

Before the Cross he knelt one day,  
And felt within him sudden joy—  
He vowed to God that, though a boy,  
He, too, would give his life away!

And as he knelt enraptured there,  
He seemed to hear a distant call  
To follow on, to part with all,—  
He knew not how, nor when, nor where.

II.

Again he knelt before the Cross  
And felt a sudden longing well  
Within his heart. He could not tell  
Why every gain seemed only loss.

He prayed to God to give him light.  
Then straight he thought of those who  
know  
No God. Joy set his cheeks aglow—  
He vowed to God to bring them light!

III.

In seminary chapel now  
Where martyrs' relics the walls adorn,  
Before the Cross he kneels each morn,  
A smile of peace upon his brow.

And as he kneels enraptured there,  
He yearns to be in lands unknown,—  
To live,—to die,—for Christ alone!—  
He cares not how, nor when, nor where.  
—Victoria A. Larmour.

\* \*

GOOD words from the Belgian missionaries in the Philippines have come to us through their Superior, Fr. Raymakers. He writes:

I send you my very best wishes and in the name of all our missionaries I welcome your new Society into the army of volunteers for the spread of the Gospel.

Courage and confidence! God wills it! He will enkindle among the Catholics of the New World the apostolic spirit of the old Faith, and the Church in the United States will win a bright place in the annals of the Mother Church by assisting in its essential work—the propagation of the Faith.

Candidates for admission to our preparatory course at the  
Blessed Vénard Apostolic School Scranton, Pa.

should apply for information to

The Very Reverend Superior : : : Foreign Mission Seminary  
Maryknoll : : : : : Ossining P. O., N. Y.

Candidates must be at least fourteen years of age. The number will be limited this first year and application should be made without delay.



## China and Mongolia.

**A**LAYMAN in North China sends us a subscription to THE FIELD AFAR and with it these encouraging words:

Our parish priest, Fr. Wilfrid Hallam, has often spoken of your deep interest in our missions. Let me share his feelings of profound gratitude. May God bless you a thousand-fold!

In China the majority of Christians are so poor that very little support can be expected from them. But infinite generosity on the part of benefactors of other nationalities has done wonders in the erection and maintenance of so many places of divine worship and charity.

\* \* \*

**FR. MOREL** sends us some interesting photographs from his corner of Eastern Asia, bidding us 'not to be anxious about the expense,' as he himself took them all. He adds:

At first I did not understand why and how your paper came to me in far-away Mongolia. But I see now that I am included in the several English-speaking Belgian priests to whom you are sending THE FIELD AFAR. I am very grateful for this valuable review and assure you that I read it with the greatest interest.

\* \* \*

**FR. JARREAU**, who writes of the new spirit in China, was formerly a curate in the parish where Blessed Vénard was born. The Editor of THE FIELD AFAR met him some years ago, while he was preparing for his mission work at the Paris Seminary. Fr. Jarreau writes:

A new spirit is awakening in China. The people are beginning to laugh at old superstitions and some are even bold enough to fall upon the idols and destroy them. The mandarin of this city has just torn down three pagodas in my neighborhood. I must confess, however, that such action is not yet common in China.

You may be sure that I am not sorry to lose sight of these pagan temples. You may be sure, too, that I would be happy if I could buy the site on which they stood, clear away from it the last vestige of idolatry and build there a Catholic chapel and school. This would be the realization of the missionary's dream,—to drive out the demon, demolish the altars of false gods and on their ruins, plant the Cross of Jesus Christ.

**C**HARMING indeed are many of the photographs received from China, and among the most interesting are those provided from time to time by our good Canadian friend, Fr. J. M. Fraser.

Fr. Fraser's latest pictures were used to illustrate the story in last month's FIELD AFAR. Our readers will all agree that such little 'yellow kids' evidently have souls,—and souls that are well worth cultivating, too. Fr. Fraser writes:

I baptized four of my little boys this morning. I am enclosing pictures of two of them. Most of the pupils in my



FR. JARREAU IN MID-STREAM.  
(This good missionary can't wait till he gets home to read The Field Afar.)

school are still unbaptized, but the harvest is ripe. In some parishes the number of converts runs up into the thousands.

I do not consider the missionary's lot a hard one. It may be dreary when there are no conversions, but at present, when there are swarms of converts, our lives are pretty full and we have no time to be melancholy. How sweet it is to pour the saving waters on the brows of those whom we have wrenched from the clutches of Satan!

Chinese boys and girls are prepared to receive baptism in a very short space of time. It is wonderful how quickly they grasp spiritual ideas. After they

## The Maryknoll Land-Slide.

### A PROPOSITION FOR YOU.

☛Maryknoll embraces ninety-three acres.

☛We reckon the cost at five hundred dollars an acre.

☛This would mean about one cent a square foot.

☛Already friends, by filling land-slips (each of which represents one hundred square feet), have paid for eighteen acres.

☛This is an excellent return, but there is yet a good opportunity to invest before all our land is taken. ☛Send for a Land-Slip.

Address:

C. F. M. S. OF AMERICA,

Maryknoll, Ossining P. O., New York.

have had a few instructions, their minds are filled with holy thoughts. Like children who have never tasted honey or sweetmeats, they wish for nothing else when once they have tasted the sweetness of God's love, and they pronounce without fear the words, "I will die for Christ sooner than bow before an idol."

I know of no happiness greater than that of baptizing little Chinese converts. One of the boys whom I have just baptized would not eat his dinner yesterday, because he wished to mortify himself in preparation for the sacrament. He did this without a suggestion from anybody. All four of these children were up very early this morning and were praying in the church long before the ceremony began. Chinese boys can certainly be as spiritual as any boys I know of. But think of the thousands of little ones in this parish who have never heard of anything but idol worship! Who will bring them to the sweet fountains of Our Saviour?

Give my love to your dear disciples. According to what the papers say, every mission on the earth wishes to be supplied with priests from your Seminary. But you must give the biggest mission the first chance.

\* \* \*

**I**T is some time since we have heard from our little Chinese friend, Marie Cecile Liang. And now we hear, not from her, but of her, and we learn that she is no longer Miss Liang, but Mrs. Yong.

We confess it was a little sudden—to us, and we have read with interest the details given by Sr. Mary Bernardine, who was kind enough to send us the 'announcement.'

Like all Chinese marriages it was settled without saying a word to Marie

Cecile, although she guessed a little of what was going on. She would have liked to wait until her brother returned from France in July, but she had nothing to say in the matter. Her duty was to submit. She could not even be surprised, for she knew that her marriage would take place sooner or later, as the engagement was signed by her father and her future father-in-law when she was twelve years old.

Her husband is the son of a rich Chinese banker here in Hankow. He began his education in France, where he received the grace of baptism, Holy Communion and Confirmation, four years ago. The rest of his family are heathens.

Mr. Yong expects to finish his studies, as the Chinese often do, after marriage. Marie Cecile will go to England with him. I would ask a little prayer for this dear child, as her husband is a recent convert and temptation is great in Protestant England.



MR. AND MRS. YONG.  
(Mrs Yong was formerly Marie Cecile Liang.)

We send our congratulations across the seas to the little Chinese bride and her husband. A long and happy life to them!

Some time before her marriage Miss Liang sent us the following evidence of her interest:

Mother Bernardine handed me a photo of the babies to be sent to you and asked me to join a letter to it as she has no time to do so. I am glad to have the occasion to tell you that I find very interesting your so nice review, and I am praying for its prosperity.

I am offering every month the Holy Communion, and every Friday the Chaplet for your Seminary. I hope it will give a lot of workers to God.

May God grant you every blessing and every grace you need, and will you please bless the Chinese girl who is writing to you,

MARIE CECILE LIANG.

\* \*

AFRICA.

"PAT MAGUIRE," hidden under an envelope with a Congo postmark, straight from the heart of Africa! Of course we refer to a letter from the Reverend Patrick Matthias Maguire, but our correspondent signs himself simply "Pat," which makes us feel so much the nearer to him.

He writes us the story of his fall—not from grace, however.

I was riding through the forest on my way to visit our Fathers in *Buta*, a ten days' journey from here. My horse got into a hole and in his frantic efforts to get out again, he gave me a bad spill—a rib-breaker.

For a moment I thought the new church had fallen on me. That would have been a calamity, for we built it all with our own hands. But I soon came to my right mind again and jumped on my horse. Unfortunately, however, I could not hold out. So the natives made an improvised stretcher of netting and carried me night and day till we reached *Buta*.

And now there are hot poulticings and fomentations and worst of all—this doing nothing! I have come to the conclusion that at fifty-five a fellow gets pretty stiff out here.

\* \*

IT is gratifying to record that during the month of June we sent out to our toilers in the wilds the goodly sum of \$722.00.

Much of this came through a considerable gift. The rest was made up of small offerings and Mass-stipends.

We 'divided the spoils,' sending some to Eastern Asia, some to Africa and some to India.

The preparation of remittances for direct transmission takes time, but it is time well spent. We are glad to be instrumental in this kind of help, and we know that it will react for the benefit of our own work. 'God's arm is not shortened.'

**Prospective students for Philosophy or Theology at Maryknoll should make an early application. Address: The Very Rev. Superior, Maryknoll : : Ossining, N. Y.**

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*Have you any place at Maryknoll for young men who desire to give their services to the Cause of Foreign Missions, but not as priests?*

Our answer to this question is that later we hope to provide an opening for many such vocations; and that even at the present time, if we were certain of our subjects, we would accept a few. Any young man to whom this paragraph appeals should say some good prayers and, if his disposition perseveres, write to us for further information.

\* \*

A word to you who would have the Foreign Mission Seminary benefit after your death by your present thoughtfulness.

Suppose you desire to leave to us a certain sum, which is now lying in a savings bank, or elsewhere, and drawing interest which you need.

We are in a position to accept your gift now, agreeing to turn over the income to you during your lifetime.

See Page 3.

\* \*

### To Boys and Girls.



HERE is your chance to send away an apostle, if you yourself can't go, or until you can go.

Father Ignatius is getting up what he calls the

BURSE OF THE HOLY CHILD JESUS.

This means that in honor of the Holy Child he is trying to gather and set aside the big sum of five thousand dollars. When Father Ignatius has accomplished his task, this money will be put out at interest and will enable our Seminary to educate a priest for all time.

Now don't think that Father Ignatius is going to get some rich man to give us \$5,000. No, he is after 500,000 cents, and he expects to secure them from 20,000 young people, each of whom will become

**An associate founder in the Holy Child Jesus Burse.**

## Black Night.

By Fr. William Jarvis,  
Guntur District, India.

[Fr. Jarvis is a young Mill Hill missionary. His struggles with the Telugu language awaken recollections of the momentous question, "Can you France?" Fr. Jarvis says he is trying to "can Telugu," but it has nearly bottled him. We leave our readers to judge for themselves.]



**I** WAS just three weeks in the land when one dark morning my parish priest arose and went off to visit his villages over the hills and far away. The evening before he had warned me that he would be gone for about ten days. He also told me the name of the first village that he intended to visit, but one minute afterwards the name took its departure out of my head in company with a Telugu verb that I had just looked up in the dictionary.

Soon I was in deep water without any life-saving apparatus, in the shape of an interpreter, within a distance of thirty miles. But of course there was my boy, the lad who had been trained by my boss, and at the tender age of fifteen could prepare chicken and rice for the new *Swami's* dinner. So I clung to my 'buoy' lest the waters should close over me.

The day was yet young when my troubles began—and I had an awful time of it. The boy began to talk wildly. Clearly he had something on his mind and obviously he was telling me all about it. His honest little face would smile and then grow sad—like the boy in the chocolate advertisement. My boy has a chocolate face, by the way.

I was now in a highly nervous state and quite sure that something was wrong somewhere. Perhaps a soul was in distress—mine was, for certain. I stood like a dumb ox before the boy. Ah! dumb men write on little slates.

It might be that we could talk by writing. I offered him a pencil and a nice piece of white note-paper, but he preferred to transcribe his message on some used blotting-paper.

I took up the manuscript, dismissed the boy and summoned all my energies to the task before me. Sorted out from the misty shades of the blotter was one long, weird-looking word. As I was not yet brilliant at the alphabet, it was some time before I got the artistic sketch into Roman letters. Then I endeavored to arrange the work into separate chambers of thought. No Egypt-



A N I N D I A N 'B O Y.'  
(Photo sent by Fr. Aden.)

ologist ever bestowed half the care in deciphering one of Charoali's hieroglyphics that I did in trying to wrest the dark secret from that dirty scrap of paper.

The first division read *Policesu gangarum*. *Policesu* was easy. The natives have of necessity adopted the English word and the police had been around that very day. The police were in the case, that was certain. Now for *gangarum*. That was more difficult. I went through all the g's in the dictionary and at last the choice lay between "a certain village goddess" and "a jujube-tree." The village goddess was the nearer of the two words, but though a policeman might be called a god,

Any young apostle who can secure twelve subscribers for *The Field Afar* should write to Fr. Ignatius for a list book and start this good work without delay.

In this way a boy or a girl can begin, even while young, to do real apostolic work.

he could scarcely pose as a goddess. So I rejected the village goddess, even at the risk of getting up a gum-tree.

I tried all the known methods of the textual critics, but I always came back to the same old policeman and the same old jujube-tree. Could it be an allegory, a simile, a metaphor? At last I bethought myself of a silly blunder I had once made as a student in dealing with Sallust, when I had mistaken Marseilles for the Roman gentleman Marcellus. Might not *Policesu gangarum* stand for the name of a city or town or village? It might and it did.

Once clear of the police and the jujube tree, I made comparatively rapid progress. Dawn was breaking—intellectually, of course, for astronomically the night was far advanced. When the complete translation lay before me, the work of my own brain, tired but triumphant, this is what I read: "The big priest having gone to *Policesugangarum*, it is for you very awkward." "Very awkward," I was still murmuring as I fell asleep.

\* \*

**T**O an inquirer we state that we receive no aid from the Henry McCadden, Jr., fund, and none from the Lyons Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

The latter society is organized to help missionaries on the field. The McCadden fund provides, we understand, for the education of students destined to the priesthood, but we have been instructed by those in control that it lies 'quite outside the purpose' of our institution.

## Notes and Comment.

THE FIELD AFAR stories are attracting attention. We recognized one recently in the *Catholic Watchman* of Madras.

It has been suggested that we gather these stories in book form, and we shall probably do so.

+ +

A HIGH SCHOOL girl in Dorchester, Mass., recently wrote an essay on "*How Foreign Missions Are Conducted*." The subject, presented by a Catholic in a public school, was doubtless a revelation to many who had known nothing of the work of the Church in heathen lands.

+ +

THAT Catholic missionaries have contributed not a little to science is a fact not generally known. Ethnologists, especially, count many such among their numbers, and owe it to our pioneer apostles that they still have certain fields of investigation. There are to-day remnants of primitive tribes which, but for their labors, would long since have become utterly extinct.

+ +

THE *Casket*, down in Antigonish, N. S., has discovered us, and we are pleased, of course, for *The Casket* is one of Canada's best Catholic weeklies.

We almost blushed to note in a recent issue three mentions of our paper on the first page, with a wish expressed that all readers of *The Casket* could see THE FIELD AFAR. We heartily endorse the wish. O precious *Casket*! A thousand thanks!

+ +

*While missionaries with infinite patience try to bring the truths of religion within the grasp of untutored minds, and suffer all the hardships and dangers incident to life among heathen peoples, they have a right to the sympathy and help of those who live in more favored lands and enjoy the gift of faith by inheritance.*

## Apostles Aiding.

THAT our missionaries are not forgetting to give the precious aid which so many have promised, is clear from the following:

Most willingly do I promise to say one Mass for your intention. It will be a small return for your kindness in sending me THE FIELD AFAR and for your generous interest in our needy Mission.

I have long wished to express my congratulations and sincere good wishes for the establishment of the Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary. May it be blessed with success and may it send many missionaries to these poor countries of the Far East, still so deeply plunged in the darkness of paganism!

C. JACQUET, Sendai, Japan.

Most willingly do I promise in my poverty to say a yearly Mass for your intention. I pray that your noble work may be more prosperous every day and that your Seminary may be able in the near future to send men to the field afar, where there are yet many, many souls to be brought to the light of Faith.

My school-children will join with me in contributing their humble aid. They will offer a Rosary every Friday and receive Holy Communion every second Sunday for this intention. Temporal help we cannot give you, but you may always be sure of our prayers.

S. COTTA, C. P., Hubli, British India.

The Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary has my heartiest good wishes. I look upon the institution as one specially approved by Heaven and I feel sure it will be the means of bringing the knowledge of our Holy Faith to many thousands of souls.

Ever since I first heard of your plans for this Seminary, I have been praying for it every day, and my interest, instead of diminishing, has been constantly increasing. Now I most willingly and gladly agree to say a yearly Mass for its welfare and to offer all my prayers, actions and sufferings every Friday for the same end. I earnestly wish that I could give you material aid, but I am too poor to do that.

With fervent prayers for the continued success of this noble work, I am, Fraternally yours, J. FRANCIS, O.M.I., Pallai, Ceylon.

I take much pleasure in sending back my signed promise to say one Mass for you in 1913,—if, by that time, I am still in the land of the living. I am glad to make this little return for the great kindness and generous assistance that I have received at your hands.

What I have read about your grand work in different papers has convinced me that the blessing of God rests upon

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it. I shall continue to remember it in my holy Sacrifices.

I am accomplishing some good among the Tamil Christians here in Madras. This would be an ideal field for the energetic and loving zeal of American missionaries.

With best wishes for the success of your apostolic undertaking,

Yours very sincerely in Christ,

A. MERKES, Madras, Ind.

It is a pleasure and a duty to promise a Mass in 1913 for the welfare of your Society. I have just celebrated one to-day for this intention.

Having spent thirty-five years on the missions, I believe I have some right to be counted among the veterans of the apostolate. I can say with truth that time has served only to strengthen my faith in the sublimity of my vocation. There is indeed much to do in the vast field of our Heavenly Father, and the laborers are so few!

I am full of enthusiasm for the work that you have undertaken. I pray that God may bless you abundantly with men and means—for His greater glory!

F. MONNIER, Hongkong, China.

I shall be glad indeed to say a Mass in 1913 for your excellent work, and I will recommend it to our Lord at the daily Sacrifice.

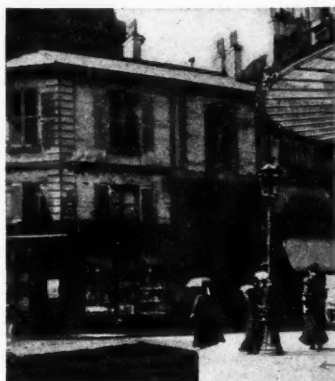
I am founding a new station and I have already had several conversions which will be of great help to me in my future work. However, I have to pay four dollars for every thirty-five square feet of land that I buy here, and I am sure that what you have purchased for your Seminary is a far better bargain. This proves that in Japan, as in other places, industry is making progress in the cities and drawing people away from the country. Land in the central part of this city now costs more than thirty dollars a toise (about six square feet), which, when I first came to Japan, was sold for twenty-five cents. What a change!

M. SAURET, Kurume, Japan.



### The Paris Seminary.

[A priest in Maine has sent us an appreciation of the Paris Seminary made some years ago for the "Brooklyn Eagle" by Coles Harris, a Protestant missionary. We have illustrated this article with photographs gathered or taken at the Seminary by one of the faculty at Maryknoll.]



ENTRANCE TO THE SEMINARY.  
128 Rue du Bac, opposite the Bon Marché.

ALL the various Protestant denominations are hurrying forward zealously with plans for the "evangelization" of our millions of new brothers. One naturally asks, Are these willing and ardent workers thoroughly prepared for the task that confronts them? It is possible that something may be learned from the Catholic Church, which has for long centuries been giving her best thought and her best material to foreign missions.

A missionary must have a vocation and he must have a training. The first comes from God; the other the Church undertakes. She aims to sift out the vocations from the dreams; to send back to common life those who cannot stand the fire. And the fire she makes pretty hot from the beginning, that there may be no mistakes.

The science taught in her seminaries is not attractive to flesh and blood. To teach a man

to die to his own people and his father's house; to die to his spiritual comrades, those among whom he is being trained for this death; to die to his country, for he is going to a land of different suns and skies, of a strange language and of strange usages that in no point recall his own, where very often man himself seems to have nothing in common with man, as he has known him, save only the grossest vices and the most unimagined misery; to die to himself, not only to all the refinements and needs of the body, but to all the ordinary demands of the heart and soul—that is the curriculum.

I had long wondered vaguely about this relation of calling to training, of purpose to practice; it did not seem easy for a stranger to learn anything about those great arsenals of the Catholic Church out of which are sent only weapons without flaw, tempered steel. They are not advertised, they are not down in Baedeker, they do not interest the traveling public; they seem to march along out of one generation into another with an even tread, to the sound of which the world has grown accustomed and no longer listens.

But two or three years ago I met in Paris the Princess —, who casually gave me the information I wanted, and supple-

mented it with an offer to take me the following day to the Paris Foreign Mission Seminary. I agreed to meet her there at four o'clock.

The day was grim, a Paris winter day, dark with fog and rain, and treacherous with slimy mud. The cab stopped at the great, gloomy gates of the seminary, 128 Rue du Bac, the opposite corner from the Bon Marché, which was even now, at this hour, ablaze with lights and thronged with people busy on their absorbing errands. Their carriages were crowded up almost to the solemn gates of the seminary; footmen waited for their mistresses at the entrance to the famous shop; men in uniform called out the numbers of carriages, others ran to seek them for their owners—all was noise and confusion.

Within the gates a sudden silence seemed to fall. The porter let me into a great stone court. I told him whom I was to meet and asked him to take me to the chapel to wait for her. The Princess was late. I had a half hour to wait in a gloomy sort of adjunct of the chapel under a gallery. The body of the building was reserved for the students. I thought, dispassionately, that it was the ugliest place of worship I had ever seen. It seemed to me, if the faith of men trained here



THE HALL OF MARTYRS AT THE SEMINARY.

could stand up against such barrenness, it must be robust indeed. The seminary was founded in 1663; the chapel looked as if it had had a perfunctory coat of paint twice in each century and that there the matter of decoration had ended. The altar showed care and the whole place was clean.

There was no service going on, but young men came in, now and again, and knelt or sat in their stalls saying their office or making their meditation. They seemed of all ages from twenty to thirty-five. There was no restlessness, no depression, no exaltation on their faces or in their attitudes, neither did they look inattentive, dreamy or dull. They looked intelligent, but calm, very calm, almost matter of fact. After all, though, what should be more matter of fact than the bearing of men "whose business 'tis to die!"

At last the Princess came and committed me to the guidance of a young brother, and I went with him to a great room, the heavy door of which he opened with a key which hung at his girdle. The light was dim, but he held up a taper and showed me the sacred souvenirs of those sixty or seventy of his brethren who had been condemned and had died by the hands of savages—who had gone into their own—their own in point of brotherhood before God—and whose own had received them not. These souvenirs of lives laid down were many and varied. There were garments, cut and blood-stained, and lances, and knives, eaten with reddish rust; there were worm-eaten breviaries and tarnished beads and the poor little kit of the traveling missionary. There were rude pictures of death scenes painted by native converts, and rude records of dying words taken down by them. There were so many; we went from one to the other, our steps echoing on the bare floor, the young guide holding the taper, now high, now low, for me to see. I could hear the faint rumble of

carriages in the street outside, a faint echo from the shrill-voiced footmen calling out the numbers. What differences in the destinies, the desires, of human beings!

I remember one of the pathetic things he showed me. It was a soiled and creased letter from a young priest, judicially condemned, written the last night of his life, when he knew that he was to suffer death in the morning. It was meek and full of regret that he had not accomplished more. He sent love to his brethren and asked their prayers and thanked God for letting him die for Him. It was as simple and calm as the faces of the men in the chapel and as the face of the one who was holding the taper up for me to read it through the glass of the cabinet in which it was kept. I showed a little feeling as I finished it and he said quickly, "It is very beautiful, is it not?" I told him I found it "very sad." I had a feeling of irritation toward him, he seemed so unmoved. I thought perhaps he was a teacher or that he had something to do with the temporal affairs of the college; that, like the abbot in Marmion, when his brethren went forth:

"Safe he sat in Durham aisle  
And prayed for their success the while."

When the Princess came for me and we were going down the steps into the court, she asked me if I had noticed him, and told me he was one of the ten missionaries who were to be sent away the next week. She wondered whether he were destined for a "bloody mission" or not.

The Paris Foreign Mission Seminary is only one of many, but it is the foremost in France for the training of secular priests for foreign missions. The course is four years, except for men who enter it already priests. In their case only one year is required for training. From the day a man enters until the day he departs on

his mission, he never leaves it, never goes to his home and people\*. They are as if dead to him. At frequent intervals a little band is sent out. These vary in numbers; sometimes there are fifteen or twenty, sometimes only three or four. They are sent to Korea, to Thibet, to Japan, to the Chinese Empire, to Oriental Indo-China, to Occidental Indo-China and to the East Indies. Some of these stations are more or less settled centres of work and education. Others are dangerous, wild, "bloody missions," being pushed further each year into the enemy's country. Till the day before he starts, the missionary does not know to which mission he is to be sent, but whether he goes to a bloody mission or to one of the more peaceful stations, he is reasonably sure that his life will not be a long one, and that he will never see his native land again. The climate and the hardships will in no long time do for him in the one what the arrow and lance of the savage would do quickly in the other.

The little pamphlet which is sent to any young man applying for admission to the seminary contains simple and concise information. The postulant comes empty-handed; his clothing, support, education, are all the care of the society. By his admission he becomes a son of the family, and till his death it is charged with providing for him. The plan of studies and the internal regulation of the seminary are similar to those in all the great French seminaries, with this difference, that the spiritual training and the philosophic and theological training are specially adapted to the practice of the sacred ministry in pagan countries. "It is required that the applicant have a well-matured determination to consecrate himself totally to the service, in a life of self-abnegation,

\*The students are allowed to go to their homes for a short rest just previous to their departure. [Ed.]

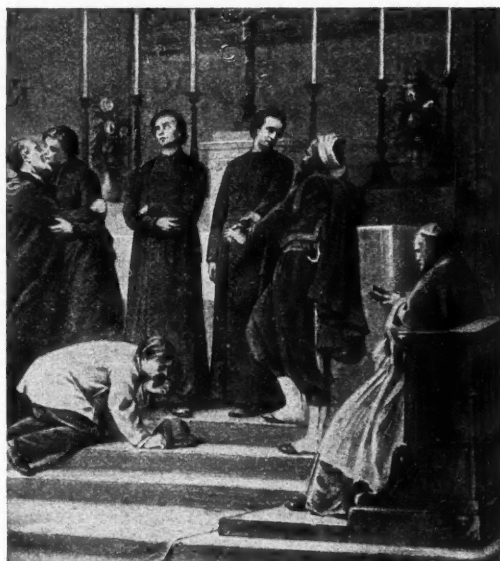
of poverty, of obedience; he must have solid virtue, a good judgment, no eccentricities of character, talents not below the average and health sufficient for the ordinary demands of life."

At the end of his four years there comes a retreat for a week, on the final day of which he winds up, as it were, his past life, and stands free, ready to depart on the morrow. On that night his people and his friends come to bid him good-bye. The chapel is full. There is no pomp, there are no ornaments on the altar, but everywhere a poverty truly apostolic. In the audience, too, there is not much but poverty; among a few of the higher class, one sees soldiers, servants, workmen, some Christian Brothers, three or four priests.

The prayers are said and the evening office is conducted according to the usage of the order,—prayers for benefactors, for enemies, for the poor, for travelers, for prisoners, for the sick, for the dying, for all under oppression or in sorrow—prayers for the dead—examination of conscience. After the prayers the points of meditation are given, taken from the gospel of the following day. When this is ended the ceremony of leave-taking begins. There is first a short address from the superior, simple and direct, like everything else in this college of few words and great deeds. Bossuet, in the early dawn of his celebrity, once preached here to the little band going out the next day. There is nothing preserved but the text of his discourse, "My heart is ready, O God, my heart is ready." The young missionaries stand up before the altar; the choir chants the beautiful words that belong alike to the old law and the new, "Quam speciosi pedes evangelizantium pacem, evangelizantium bona!" "How beautiful are the feet of them that bring good tidings and that preach peace!" Then during this chant all come and, kneeling, kiss these happy feet

that will carry afar the good tidings and the peace of the Lord.

It is a scene not easily forgotten; the mothers who have borne them, the fathers who have toiled for them, young sisters whom they have cherished, brothers who must take their place, friends of childhood, all kneeling, weeping at their feet for one moment—the last. It is well ordered that the parting should be borne before the altar; this immolation nature alone could not brave.



THE CEREMONY OF DEPARTURE.  
(From a painting that hangs on the wall of the Seminary.)

The thoughts suggested by this "Departure" came back to me the following summer. We were at Muerren, above Lauterbrunnen, one of the most cosmopolitan resorts of the higher Alps. The table d'hôte was a daily comedy in three acts. There were Anglican bishops and canons and curates with their wives and daughters and sweethearts; there were foreign ambassadors; there were sun-burned mountaineers; there were Jews—I don't know about Turks—but undoubtedly

plenty of infidels. Among the changing crowds at the table we became accustomed to the sight of a Catholic priest, somewhat over thirty, well-made and manly, with rather a military bearing. His face was German and he wore blue glasses. He never talked to his neighbors and generally brought a book under his arm and read between the interminable courses. I often contrasted him with the delightful English bishop who was my agreeable neighbor.

Finally, in some way we got to know him, and he told us he had been sent to Muerren to serve the Catholic chapel for a fortnight. He seemed glad to be spoken to, though his English was imperfect. We found he was a naturalist and a mountaineer. He took us up the Blumenthal the day before he went away. What myriads of growing and living things he saw where we saw nothing! What instinct, what culture he possessed! Then he was fond of children and patient, as was shown by his forbearance toward a spoiled child of six, who was an un-

welcome addition to our party at the last moment. Midway up the mountain she professed fatigue and the priest lifted her up on his arm and carried her all the rest of the way.

The next morning on the terrace I talked with him awhile before he went away. Gay crowds were walking up and down; some were gazing through the telescopes at climbers on the Eiger; a young Anglican curate in his mountain clothes, was balancing himself on the balus-

trades talking to a pretty girl. He was so pleasant to look at—"human nature's daily food." I glanced at my priest in his black soutane; there was such a difference. I wondered, and in my wonder I asked him some questions.

He told me, after a moment's hesitation, the things I wanted to know. Probably he had never met an American before. He was born in the Jura Mountains. He had served his time in the army, and then, "having always meant to be a priest," he went to study at the Propaganda Fide in Rome. He was there six years. Yes, the life was hard, very hard for the first two years. Did he mean the cold and the food and all that? No; he had been in the army, and he knew all about physical privations. What he meant was detachment and probing for defects and weak points of character. After two years they probably found he was the right stuff and his life became more bearable. At the end of six years he was ordained and sent to his native village as parish priest. His parents were living here, he seemed fond of the place and proud of the large church that had just been finished. "And you will always live there?" I asked. "No," he answered, "after the debt is paid I shall offer myself to the foreign missions. I have always had it in my mind to do that."

That was the secret of it; he had "always had it in his mind,"—through the rough service in the army, through the six hard years' training in the Propaganda, through the enervating Italian summers, through the sharp frosts of Jura winters. That was a vocation. I remember his face as he said, "I have

always had it in mind," looking from the gay terrace where we talked across the deep chasm of the Lauterbrunnen, to the stern black Monch facing us, up to the Jungfrau standing in all her white glory, the sky radiantly blue about her.

It is a strange distinction, this being "called of God." A man must pay for it with his life, or with all that makes life sweet. To go out from the herd of his easy-living, low-aiming fellows he needs to be hardened by a process unknown to them, as he will tread a path unfrequented by them, *per aspera ad astra*.

\* \*

#### The Maryknoll Chronicle.

WE have an addition to our farm and household. He is a K.C., but that is not his name. He is not a stand-patter, but the Apostle of Ireland is his patron.

Patrick is enjoying leave of absence from between the platforms of a New York elevated train. Out of the deafening and distracting hubbub of the Metropolis, he has come to this Knoll of peace.

For several days after his arrival we had to run our universally useful gasoline engine just to impress upon him the fact that he was still on the earth and able, like the rest of us, to earn his salt.

Now he is gradually becoming one of us, but he is startled occasionally when a remembrance of the past is forced upon him by an infernal blasting that insists on reaching our ears from a quarry on the other side of the Hudson. Dear reader, shake hands with Patrick!

The kitchen 'end' of this plant of ours is importunate.

During the cookless periods, however, there is a little quiet, for then the Maries of Maryknoll have to run between the stove and their desks so constantly that they have no time to plan extra work.

This writing marks an era of

#### Blessed Théophane Vénard

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#### A Modern Martyr

This book is in six thousand homes today, in all parts of the world. It is in many public libraries and listed as one of the most popular books in circulation.

Price . . . . . Ninety Cents

peace—for us, if not for the suffering Maries. The 'best cook ever' left the camp recently. She had an eye like a Maxim gun and was trained to the queen's taste in her art. She never failed us and she used her brains as well as her



And everywhere that Father went, the calf refused to go.

hands. Nor would she accept any recompense for a service that covered five trying months. God reward her!

She came from that place where the *only* kind of baked beans can be successfully grown. That was her misfortune, or rather ours, for it meant that she could not live long away from Boston. It did not matter that her station with us was more elevated and that all kinds of inspirations were near her—that she could enjoy a sweeping view of the Hudson River any

**FIFTY DOLLARS will secure a share in the Blessed Th. Vénard Burse; or a Life Associate Subscription; or a Memorial Associate Subscription.**



clear day while she was grinding out hash or preparing prunes. She left it all for Boston.

Well, she's gone. We can only hope that she may have a change of heart and return or that some one just as capable will come to us before our subscribers send a sheriff after us.

And now, in view of that great day when the new cook shall arrive—will it ever come and does *she* happen to be *you*, dear reader—we must prepare for a new household trouble. *Jars*—we want *jars*, they tell us. This is the gun which the departing cook silenced, but which will start up again with her successor's arrival.

The Lord is supplying us with plenty of fruit and berries, but our friends will have to come up with the *jars* or the wherewithal to get them.

Between you and us, dear reader, it would be a kindness to the suffering and ignorant master of the household if you would anticipate the attack which is impending. Jar us—but may we not be jarred!

The dairy is our show place now and the cows are supplying our households—twenty-five people all told—with milk, butter, cheese and—we were going to say eggs, but they will be referred to in a later issue.

Sammy, who will summer and winter in Canada, left in the dairy a souvenir coat of white-wash and this, with a few other incidentals, is now under the scrupulous care of Patrick. 'Pat' enjoys his work, for a dairy is nothing to one who has been successfully through the third degree. Besides, he finds less responsibility in milking cows at Maryknoll than in braking trains or calling out stations in New York City.

The dairy has a pet, its 'white-haired boy'—only it's a girl. *Prima* we call her, for she is the first, and we marvel that she hasn't died from rush of food to

the stomach or been killed by kindness. Everyone in both sections of the camp has a pat for Prima, and Prima licks each in turn, taking stains off cassocks, trousers, or skirts, whichever happen to be presented to her.

We shall never take a meal on calves' brains without thinking of Prima. But of course she herself will be spared such a fate and allowed to pass to the cow stage in virtue of her place as the first-born of our flock.

We have planted no more horses, but we have exchanged the running mate of our first victim—in all modesty we admit that we added some money so as to make the transaction possible—for two real horses from Pennsylvania.

We now have a fairly good stock, on which we recently called God's blessing, using for this purpose the beautiful prayers of the Church.

We are getting ready to build our little chapel annex and to add several rooms to the front of our house. We made this announcement a few months ago and remarked that then was an acceptable time for some one who desired

# REMEMBER THE CAUSE— in your will.

Our legal title is the

Catholic Foreign Mission Society of  
America, Inc.

to provide the Foreign Mission Seminary with its first chapel. We also expressed our readiness to receive offerings for these much-needed changes.

A few offerings have come, but the chapel is still open to some benefactor. If it is not taken by September, we shall call for the mites of the many. We should have preferred this latter method from the beginning, but we hesitated to follow too quickly the avalanche of land-slips that have received so hospitable a welcome and are yet daily bringing back to us the relief that we seek.

The Pocantico Hills property, 'over across near our friend Jawn D.'s place,' as Mr. Dooley might express it, is yet in litigation. But there is an end to everything, and if the next judgment favors us, as did the two former ones, we hope to draw some oil without occasioning a rise in the cost to our friends.



BLESSING THE CATTLE AT MARYKNOLL.  
(This is the first picture of our barn that we have presented to our readers.)

## The Gift Page.

A GIFT which we treasure highly is a mission chalice, bearing the inscription—"From the Sodalties of the Academy of the Holy Child Jesus, West Philadelphia."

\* \*

OUR good friends, the pupils of Elmhurst Academy, Providence, R. I., remembered us again before vacation—this time with a generous gift of sixty dollars. They also asked for mite-boxes, which they took home with them.

\* \*

AMONG recent gifts are a lot of books from Monsignor Flood of New York City, a further addition to our library from the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart in Scranton, Pa., and a cope from Thos. Flynn & Co., of Boston.

\* \*

PENNSYLVANIA is sending us generous help towards our Burse of the Holy Child Jesus. Through a convent in Ashley thirty-one dollars have recently been added to it, while Wilkes Barre and Wyoming have also aided in swelling the figures.

\* \*

THE library of the late Bishop Carroll, formerly of Nueva Segovia, Philippine Islands, has arrived at Maryknoll. It was willed to us by the thoughtful kindness of this venerated prelate, and will be a precious souvenir of the life of one of America's twentieth century apostles.

\* \*

THE first contribution to the *St. Jean Baptiste Burse* has come to us from a New Hampshire priest. May his example inspire imitation!

We have decided to accept any contributions, however small, for this burse, hoping thereby to arouse the interest of many among our French-speaking Catholics and to raise this fitting memorial to the honor of their patron saint.

## COME ALL YE!



## Burse Activity.

(A burse or foundation is a sum of money, the interest of which will support and educate, continuously, one of our students for the priesthood.)

## COMPLETED BURSES.

The Cardinal Farley Burse	\$5,000.
The Sacred Heart Memorial Burse	5,000.
The Boland Memorial Burse	6,000.
The Blessed Sacrament Burse	5,000.

## PARTIALLY COMPLETED BURSES.

Towards Providence Diocese Burse	\$3,000.00
Towards Mary, Queen of Apostles, Burse	2,200.00
Towards St. Joseph Burse	1,205.00
Towards St. Stephen Burse	332.00
Towards St. Lawrence Burse	150.00
Towards St. Patrick Burse	450.50
Towards St. Boniface Burse	100.00
Towards Bl. Théophane Vénard Burse	580.00
Towards Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Burse	269.44
Towards All Souls Burse	737.91
Towards Unnamed Memorial Burse	175.00
Towards St. Francis Xavier Burse	105.00
Towards St. Anthony Burse	26.00
Towards Holy Child Jesus Burse	392.95
Towards Holy Ghost Burse	50.00
Towards St. John the Baptist Burse	2.00
Towards All Saints Burse	10.00

Any burse or share in a burse may be donated, if desired, in memory of the deceased.

## Physicians and Nurses.

IN our May issue we expressed an intention of accumulating a *Medical Instruction Fund*, the interest of which will enable us to purchase the requisite charts, etc., for Physiology and First Aid Classes. There is room in the list for you, but don't let us rob you.

\* \*

## Kind Gifts in Kind.

From  
E. K., Boston, Mass.: Altar Cloth and Lace.  
Rev. F. X. S., So. Kaukauna, Wis.: Pamphlets.  
Tarrytown, N. Y., and Norfolk, Conn.: Flower Bulbs.  
Dr. James J. Walsh, New York City: Books.  
Mgr. Flood, New York City: Books.  
St. Joseph's Convent, Dubuque, Ia.: Rosaries.  
Sodalities of the Academy of the Holy Child Jesus, W. Phila.: Chalice.  
Sisters of the Immaculate Heart, Scranton, Pa.: Books.  
Convent of the Holy Child Jesus, New York City: Chapel Furnishings, including four Pews.  
St. Joseph's Hospital, Providence, R. I.: Vestments, Cassocks, Albs, Surplices, Lace, Altar Cloth, Cincture, Altar Linen.  
Sisters of the Holy Cross, Rochester, N. H.: Mass Book, Altar Card, Silver Ablution Cup, Alb, Altar Linens, Flower Book.  
Tabernacle Society, Cincinnati, O.: White Vestments, Purple Vestments, Purple Cope, Albs, Cinctures, Surplice, Amices, Purificators, Pall, Altar Cloth, Scapulars, Finger Towels, Camera, Package of Literature.

\* \*

WE continue our list of contributors, carrying it up to June 1. We often ask ourselves where we should be without them. They are God's gift to us.

## \$1 to \$2.

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- 4—For Children under Fourteen—From Wednesday morning, July 23, to Saturday morning July 26, by Rev. John F. McLaughlin.
- 5—More Especially for Nurses—From Friday evening, Aug. 1, to Tuesday morning, Aug. 5, by a Redemptionist Father.
- 6—General—From Monday evening, Aug. 11, to Friday morning, Aug. 15, by a Paulist Father.
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